Supernatural; any; in another universe, Heaven is even more corrupt, Lucifer fell for love of humanity, and the Winchesters still end up caught in the middle of it all.

PG, major AU of everything SPN-related, and also a giant plotbunny that I may expand on later. No pairings.

"I ask you this: why do you think the world is like this?" Lucifer spread his hands, showed them the endless city.

"Get us down," Dean demanded, not bothering to look at the cityscape. It'd been there his whole life, he didn't need to look to know that it was endless, unchanged.

"Wait, Dean, he might actually be trying to help," Sam said, and Lucifer nodded to him, pleased. It was no surprise that he was *his* vessel.

"Help with *what*? We're in trouble enough with Cas, what makes you think that the *Devil* is going to be the one to help us?"

"Because the angels have been lying," Lucifer says softly. "I'll not deny that I fought Heaven, or that I've done some...troublesome things in my past, but," and here his tone changed, to something dark and angry and yet righteous, as if he was telling the truth as well as he could: "They have *lied* about me. What I fought for, why I slaughtered my brothers and sisters."

"How do we know you're not lying now!"

"Shut up Dean, we might want to hear this," Sam said, and nevermind that it was the Devil before them, the infamous Fallen who wanted him to say yes - Sam wanted to hear it.

"You do want to hear this: I fell to protect your species," Lucifer said, meeting Sam's eyes. "How much disdain have you heard from the angels? I've heard it before: mudpeople, maggots, monkeys. And look what they've done to this world...I doubt either one of you remembers what trees are."

"Lying," Dean hissed through his teeth, but.

Lucifer could see it in Sam's eyes: how his mind was working, was putting puzzle pieces together, and how he was forming words that might have been yes but became:

"Grass!"

"What?"

"Dean, remember the books? The ones Bobby has?"

"What, the paper-y things? That trash?"

"One of them talked about grass! And trees! And fruit - you mean it really existed?" Sam asked Lucifer, excited now. "It's not just a legend?"

"'And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.'" Lucifer quoted, and laughed bitterly. "It was so. I was there."

Sam looked out at the endless city and back at Lucifer.

"Then this..."

"Raphael's mad plan to purify the world of life, especially humanity." Lucifer followed his gaze. "His control over the Host led to the open presence of angels on Earth, and then to the corruption of everything else."

"Oh..." Sam said, going quiet for a moment.

"I'm returning you both now," Lucifer said. "Before my siblings discover my work here. I will return."

And there were twinned gasps as Sam and Dean woke up, then an ow from Sam as he clutched his forehead.

"Damn low ceilings," Sam muttered as he got out of bed. "Dean, call Cas, we gotta talk to him."

"You believe him?"

"You know they can kill when they dreamwalk. Do I look dead to you?"

Dean glared at him, but started pulling on pants, reading for his cellphone.

"I'll call Cas."